

The Register



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Note: The Register staff encourages everyone to become involved in this truly amazing magazine in the years to come. Diverse talents, hidden and revealed, abound at Latin; please share them! We especially encourage younger class members to contribute prose, poetry, and art.

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For the Editor

Whether it is winter or summer the bus is stuffy and hot during rush hour. I turn my walkman up louder while clinging like a barnacle to the pole as the bus swerves around the corner and stops abruptly to pick up more passengers. A plump, middle-aged man carrying shopping bags plops himself down on the rear door stairs and fixes his eyes on my legs. I glance down at him nervously as he peers up at me with huge, child-like eyes.

"Are those socks?" he asks, his eyes filled with curious fear.

"No, they're tights." I smile anxiously.

"What are tights?"

"They're sort of like pantyhose."

"Oh."

He looks down, looks at my legs, looks back up, searches my face. I dread his stare as I feel the eyes of other passengers boring through me to glare at him.

"What color are your tights?"

"Red."

"What color?"

"Red."

He looks down again. I breathe slowly and my walkman whispers, "*everythin's gonna be alright everythin's gonna be alright everythin's gonna be alright everythin's gonna be—*"

"What day is it?"

"Do you want to know the date?" I ask. I hear giggles from some teenage boys sitting behind me.

"No, what day of the week is it?" More giggles.

"It's Friday." Giggles and "*everythin's gonna be alright everythin'—*"

I spot a seat near the back and throw myself into escape. A woman smiles as if to say, "You poor little girl, getting harassed by a lunatic and being so kind." I ignored her. How was I kind? I had run for a hiding spot. Nonetheless, in a few stops the seating arrangement changes and he drags over all his bags to sit next to me.

"What color tights are those?" His voice is

awkwardly high and sound too young for a man his age.

"Red."

"They're not socks?"

"No, they're tights."

"*everythin's gonna be alright everythin's gonna be alright everythin'...*"

The boys sitting across from me are giggling again, but he is blind to everything but my tights and my face.

"What stop are you getting off at?"

"Near the end somewhere."

"What station?"

"Nowhere in particular." I lie out of a hope that he will get off the bus before it gets to Forest Hills.

One of the boys is covering his face with his hands to keep back his giggles. I want to tell him to go ahead and howl out his laughter because the "lunatic" won't notice.

"Is that a dress or a skirt?"

"A skirt."

At this point people have begun to move to the front of the bus. They're getting crowded and cramped to escape a man who isn't paying attention to them. He hasn't even noticed they exist.

"*everythin's gonna be alright everythin's gonna...*"

He searches through one of his bags and pulls out a book. Not just any type of book. It's homemade--about three hundred loose leaf pages bound together by masking tape. I peer out of the corner of my eye as he flips through it and I am astounded; hundreds of newspaper clippings of sport teams are arranged with flawlessness that an editor would place them in his nationally read newspaper. Pages upon pages of perfection on baseball players and football games and basketball stars. My face burns with rage as the boys look at the masterpiece and giggle again.

The bus is emptying out and he keeps looking around as if his mother left him behind; all the while he flips through the pages of his magazine. We're almost at Forest Hills and I stand up out of anxiety, getting ready to run off the bus as I am already an hour late. He stops me from walking

to the front of the bus and asks:

"What color are your tights?"

"Red."

"*everythin's gonna be alright...*"

"What color are your tights?"

"Red."

"*everythin's gonna be..*"

"What day is it?"

"Friday."

"*...alright.*"

The rear doors divide and I hop off the bus to run off into the sunset. He walks toward the filthy station but he keeps looking back at me as if I deserted him. I get a flashback of many years ago when I failed miserably trying to get together a pathetic version of a scrapbook about the Red Sox and as The Editor walks away, I think of all that I could have asked *him*.

Carin Zissis



MARATHON

My friend arrived early to drive my brother and me. Earlier, in fact, than my brother. It was typical of both of them. My parents greeted the friend warmly, the brother with worry in their faces. "If you have any problems, stop and call." "Don't let your brother out of your sight." "Make sure you check your blood sugar." "If you have any problems, stop and call and we'll pick you up." "We'll see you in Newton, if you make it..."

Our friend let us off in a Hopkington parking lot. We left our clothes in his car and climbed aboard the shuttle bus to the starting line. As we disembarked, we saw people in jogging outfits everywhere. It was a cold, cloudy day. Many of the runners wore trash bags over their shorts and tanktops to keep the heat in.

It was our first time in Hopkington and we didn't know which way we were running. We just climbed into the the middle of the crowd said "howdy" to the people around us. I chatted with my brother about this and that. We were both very excited. "A marathon is the only really major sporting event that a normal guy in good shape can participate in. He can't play for the NBA or the NFL; he can't play professional hockey or baseball...but he can run in the Boston Marathon," observed my brother. We were standing in shorts and t-shirts on a freezing cold April morning in a tiny town whose only distinguishing feature was that it was 26 miles from the Copley Library for no other reason than to prove him right. Then it was noon and **the race began!**

We didn't cross the starting line until four minutes and twelve seconds into the race. It was ten more minutes before we could begin running. The first place we ran was into the woods by the side of the road. We had a long run ahead of us, so we decided to get rid of potential bladder problems right away. The woods were full of men with similar ideas and I think there was a collective sympathy for the women runners. Clothes and trash bags lay everywhere along the route. Runners discarded them as they began to warm up from the

exertion.

The first few miles were long. Everybody seemed to be passing us. We hadn't done anything that might qualify as training and we had no idea how fast to run. We hadn't gotten into the swing of it, so what we were doing was just plain work.

Then, everything changed. After about six miles it got easy. We started to look around and see who we were running with. We were quite a motley bunch. One man was running the marathon dressed as Groucho Marx. Another man had built a go-cart out of a rather large canoe and was pushing his two toddlers in it. Oranges, Gatoraid and water tasted so refreshing and good.

After ten miles, we stopped so that I could do a blood test because I'm diabetic. My blood sugar was much too low because of all the exercise. I had no idea how to treat it, but if I didn't find something sweet in a few minutes I could have gone into a coma sixteen miles from home. Just as we were about to start searching for someone with a lot of spare oranges, a man walked over with a full bottle of 10-K and said, "You look like you need this more than I do." A few minutes later we were back in the race.

The best part of the course was right before the halfway mark. The entire student body of Wellesley College came out and lined the sidewalk, five beautiful women thick, extending for hundreds of feet. They screamed and cheered and hooted and hollered. We had to fight to resist turning around and running past them again.

At the halfway mark we heard a radio announcement that the winner had just come in.

We passed what seemed like thousands of identical little towns. The more we passed, the more they seemed alike. We grew interested in where the next orange slice was rather than where we were.

The running went into a third phase when we reached Newton. We had been running downhill most of the way, but suddenly we were



running uphill. We started passing a lot of people who had dropped out of the race. We started to feel our legs again and they didn't feel too good. It started to rain.

I did another blood test. I was fine, but nearby Red Cross people threw a space blanket over me and kept asking if I wanted to quit. My brother took an orange slice from my cousin's hand without recognizing her. We passed our parents. Their faces told us what we looked like better than any mirror could have.

Heartbreak Hill isn't difficult to run up—unless you've just finished twenty miles when you get to it.

Everything started to look familiar when we got to B.C. That was bad because for the first time we began to realize just how much farther we had to go.

When we got into the last mile, I was ready to give up. I had a dangerously low blood sugar, and there was nothing to treat it with. If my brother hadn't been running too far ahead to tell that I wanted to stop, I swear I would have.

When we moved into Boylston Street, I could see the finish line and all the pain stopped, or at least it didn't seem so important. The clock said 4:03:36 when I ran under it. I had finished the Boston Marathon in under four hours.

We walked down the steps at Back Bay Station, but not before considering just falling down them: it would have been easier on the legs, and we couldn't possibly have ended up in a more beautiful pain.

Smyth Pierce



AN EXCERPT

el veintidos de agosto, 1991

Thoughts after my first mass:

The room was crowded when we entered. The pews were crammed with silent viejos, giggling ninitos, and several guapos. My host sister and I wove our way through a clot of people planted just inside the doorway to an empty spot in the corner of the church. Soon after we entered, the service began. The rustle of three hundred feet shifting to the standing position greeted the priest as he entered the room, draped in white and accompanied by the guitar music that drifted down to us from a loft above the door. The priest proceeded to the center of the room to a white table holding candles, flowers, and a silver goblet, a crucifix hung behind. When he arrived, the music quieted and the people who had been seated, creaked back into their pews.

As the priest's words began to fill the church, followed by the replies of the congregation, I began to understand why all those people had collected in the small white church that evening. There was something appealing about being part of a group, all rising, sitting, reciting, listening, kneeling, and praying at the same time. And as the hand movements, up, down, left, right and then to the lips, rippled across the room, I nearly forgot that I was an Unitarian Universalist, just catching myself before my hand rose to make the sign of the cross across my chest.

As the service continued, I let the sermon drift from words into a murmur of foreign sounds and I began to notice the people around me: the women with the dusty rose lips who smelled of Arpege willingly standing next to the heavy, embroidered red skirts and tight, long black braids of the cholas cuencanas. As I viewed this unlikely conglomeration of people, I realized that the unique aspect of the church (and what must partially be the attraction of all those people to Catholicism) is much more than the feeling of simultaneously making the sign of the cross with three hundred people; it is the fact that anyone can be in that church making just such a sign across his chest.

The crucifix seemed to be the only one in

class-conscious Cuenca which didn't wait to hear a last name before making a judgement on someone. For the first time since I have been in Ecuador, I was in a place where everyone was given the same opportunity, despite his skin color or how much money filled his pockets. Everyone, for that half hour, was focusing on the priest's swirling words, the wafer that melted on his tongue, his sip from the silver goblet, and the drop of clear red that quivered on the edge of his lower lip. And when a time arrived in the service to greet one another, the cholas cuencanas and the dusty rose women shook hands. On the sidewalk outside the church, the dusty rose woman would have seen the outstretched hand of a chola as an unfortunate palm waiting to receive generous sucres from her purse, not as a hand extended in greeting. But for one half hour, in that church, the hands were just hands. And all of those hands moved together to make the sign of the cross.

El veintinueve de julio

Nota: When conversing in Spanish, never confuse the word for horse with the word for gentleman.

Inga Ellertson



AN EXCERPT

El veintiocho de julio

El trece de agosto

The room was a sea of black and white, littered with rosaries, tears and words of hushed consolation.

The little ones too in their pressed mourning dress had been ushered upstairs to quiet their squeals or ease their fidgeting feet.

Women with crossed black-nylon legs lined the walls, statues on heavy oak pedestals, frozen in slumped mourning poses.

She lay in the adjoining room in her cream-colored coffin, adorned with white lilies that sprouted from the satin creases in her sheets and spilt onto the table and floor below.

Her daughter nervously chewed her pale lips and rubbed the red into her eyes as my sister stroked her ebony curls and whispered words of comfort.

While I, a foreign girl unknown to the late mistress of the house, tried to sink deeper into the plush cushions of the couch and absently listened to the soft conversations of the dreary room.

Inga Ellertson

Today's soccer game had an uncommonly orange theme. The stadium was perfumed with an air of citrus as a man's orange cry shrieked above the gay chatter of the crowd. He paced the length of the stadium, his transparent bags bulging with the bright, full fruit. As his bags emptied and the oranges spread across the bleachers until colliding with the back of some oblivious spectator. There they collected, forming a scattered pile, soon to be gathered for future ammunition. And at half-time, an amazing spectacle erupted, more interesting to me than all of the acrobatic feats of the red and blue shirted soccer players. Suddenly, in a single urgent motion, a hundred unwanted oranges were cast into the sky. Creating a passing storm of immense citrus hail-stones that resulted in juicy hair and sticky citrus shirts throughout the bleachers.

Inga Ellertson



Houghton's Pond

Crushed cigarette butts, twisted tonic straws, apricot pebbles, rusty Sunkist bottle caps, fallen seagull feathers and blue glass scattered everywhere. Exhausted arms of eelgrass with sharp tips of indigo and burnt umber overpowered by incoming tide and then gently abandoned at the shore. Time after time after time. Peeping pondweed and twisted twigs next to filter mussels with pearly centers; on the border between the soft sand and the grass, golden buttercups-armies of them like daring clusters of brilliant sunshine. Clouds of ivory foam riding the waves and disappearing at the shore...

Summer camp always seemed to bring us to Houghton's Pond in the Blue Hills, and it always seemed to bring the old ladies with the flowered bathing suits and the golden tans. Every year seemed to bring us to the blond osh-kosh boy with the pink cheeks, sucking the juice out of a peeled orange or the girl with the coffee eyes and turquoise jellyshoes, tugging on her mother's summer dress. Every July, we'd giggle at the curious baby who cautiously dipped his toes in the water and then bounced in excitement of the discovery; one extremely hot day always seemed to bring us to the jogging grandfather with the Nike Sneakers and the yellow walkman or the young Dutch couple holding hands and laughing as they walked past blue ice coolers and bags of sauerkraut and bologna sandwiches left under the handles of a picnic basket. Never did we fail to see the three kids with the ashy knees at the fountain, daring each other and pushing down the silver button as hard and as long as they possibly could, forming puddles of water that trickled down the cracks in the pavement.

I remember skipping up to the white store at the top of the concrete hill and asking for slushpuppies and popsicles that would make our tongues purple; then we'd run back down to the beach where endless towels were stretched across the sand and radios shouted record advertisements, the change jingling in our pockets. When it was time to walk back to the bus we'd gather our

frisbees and buckets and slowly marched up the hill to the parking lot. From the top we could still see falling castles in the sand, the women sitting in the middle of the water and the rolled-up newspapers and magazines...We could still see the clouds of ivory foam riding the waves and disappearing at the shore.

Norma Acebedo-Rey

cool breeze

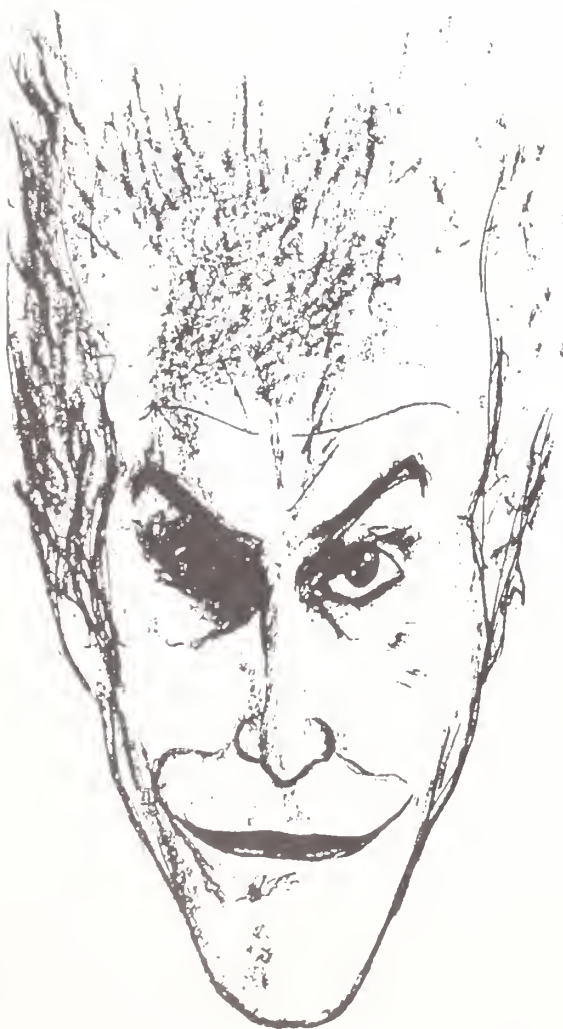
different aromas in the air
fly around
and into the breath I take
the tastes of memory
flow through me
never long enough to catch
but the memories so strong and good
the scenes and times in my mind
so happy
innocent, playing children
running and smiling and laughing
rolling on the grass, in the yard and in the trees
seeing so much
and being so full
alive and bouncing on the thoughts and the dreams
happy and living and selfish and funny
taking in all the things
to remember and fly
through the mind and the lungs
in the air and the sky.

lee stewart

"Young Master Skinner"

Teddy Rogan hated cats. Often he would take his Alfa Romeo on long aimless rides, swerving only to off an indecisive feline. Once, he mistook a small racoon for a large tabby and ended up destroying the entire front grill and his right headlight. He made out with a rather nice 'coon-skin cap, though. When he was still at boarding school, his classmates took to calling him Skinner. Rogan was later expelled on grounds of emotional instability when he was found in the school kitchen with the headmaster's calico companion. Teddy Senior punished his son with an enrollment at another boarding school and a brand new sports car. Discipline was fierce at the Rogan home.

Damian Bartlett



Tuesdays

"Well, maybe if I hadn't grown up so fast..."

"Well, to be perfectly honest with you, I think you have quite a lot more of it to do."

Schmuck. He hated psychiatrists. And Tuesdays. Always had.

"Well, thank you Dr. Freud. Another twenty dollars well spent." He got up to leave.

"Think about what I said."

Yeah, right, sure he would. He left feeling the same as he always did-pissed.

His bus went by. It began to rain. "Great."

What had that guy meant "a lot more growing up to do?"

That's it. No more of him. "Just because he has a stupid degree from a stupid school saying he knows how to tell me I'm stupid...and I have to pay for it?" Actually, his parents had to pay for it. "I can get my father to tell me that for free."

To console himself and reaffirm his maturity, he lit a cigarette. His walk had an exaggerated bounce to it which made him look like a cartoon character.

Though he was conscious of it, it was not important enough for him to bother doing anything about.

"God," he thought. That's where the thought ended.

He walked obliviously by a homeless man and into a Store 24.

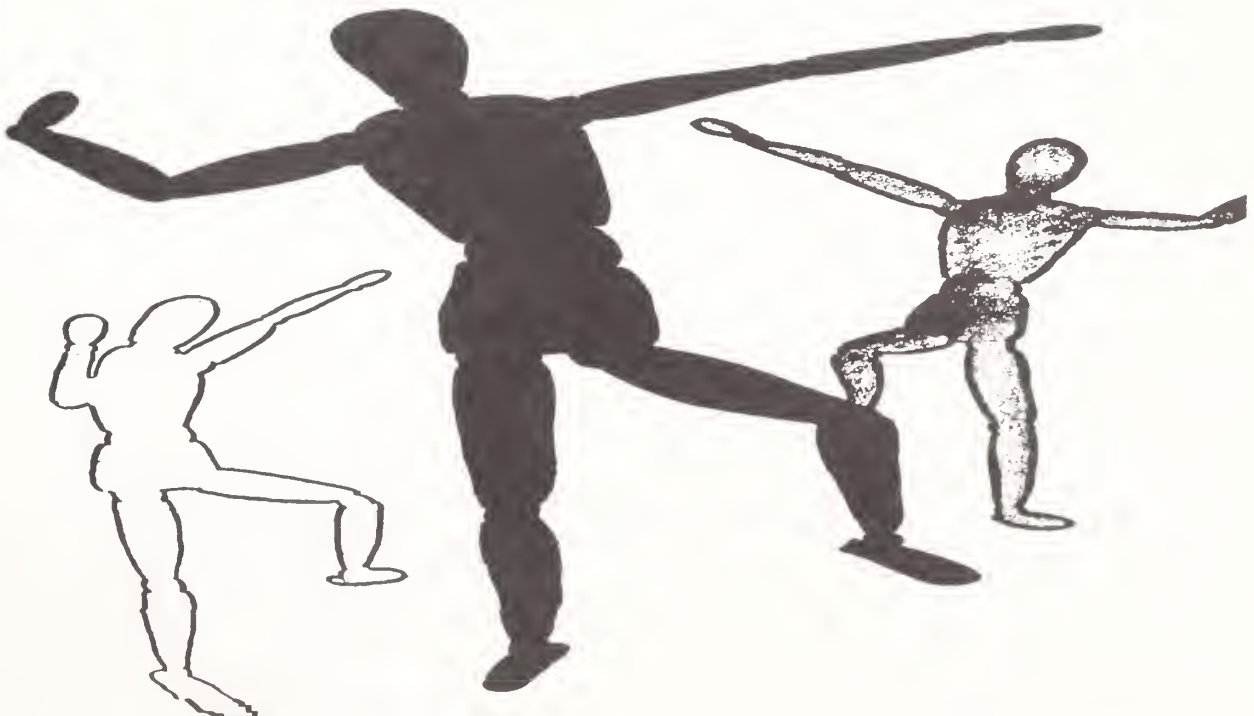
"I'm mature, damn it. Gimme a friggin' break."

Jessica Strelec

COFFEE AND CONVERSATION

Reid: So, like how are things going?
Harold: What does that mean?
Reid: Well, you know...How have you been?
Harold: I have never 'been.' God, my life is nothing!
Reid: What do you mean? You have your own talk show, everybody likes you.
Harold: Ha, ha..."Loved and Admired by Millions," that's me.
Reid: I don't know about millions, but a lot of people.
Harold: I'm not sexy or beautiful. I have big feet, a big nose and I have no style. I'm not cool and I have never been. I don't have a dog or a grandmother. I'm not socially adept, I hate crowds, I hate to be alone, I smoke too much, I'm blind without my glasses, I have two friends in the world and ONE OF THEM IS YOU! God, what am I gonna do??!!
Reid: So what! It's the same for me and I'm okay.
Harold: You're a bum. I don't want to be like you!
Reid: What do you want?
Harold: I don't know, what about you?
Reid: I'm getting the Hot Apple Pie A La Mode.
Harold: I guess I'll just get the chocolate mousse.

Caroline Powers





THE UDDER FELON

A' unmottled curly dwarf stole Daisy's udder, Pa.
No, she ain't too upset, it has happened before.
Yeah, her nose was as clammy as hopseed, and she weren't no
two way sulky.
Still, we better get some tumble mustard in case her stomach
gets roiled.
If we put vandeloort on her belly like a' told you last
time it won't happen again.
A' hope she gets requeened, Pa. That's a word a' learned in
school t'other day, Pa.
It means when a cow's udder is stolen an' then put back.
Yeah, Pa, a' know you told me a'd learn somet'in' there.
Anyway, if that dwarf don't go goosefoot or moonblind first,
he'll return it after he's used it.
Still, it is a mite—what's that word again?—inconveenincing.
Put vandeloort on it next time, okay Pa?

Malka Ann Older

Elegy

I sat on the lumpy mattress
and let the smell of warmth
and Noxema fill my brain.
While my eyes stung with
the antiseptic of the prison.
Guards in painfully stark
white garb raced by.
Stunned, I beheld the rapidly
shrinking woman (with the
body of a year old girl,
and the wide eyes of
that child long lost)
and I remembered her bulk
in the cinnamon-scented kitchen.
Shaking me from the
sanctuary of yesteryear,
she offered me her bland
food and apologized for messy
hair, addressing me as
her sister, dead two years.
Memories of lemon-waxed floors;
a tear rolled down my cheek
when I saw the linoleum
in that house of suffering.
Tucking my guardian angel in,
I layed a kiss on hollow cheeks.
I pray to her lord: her soul to free.

Lisa Reynolds



The Robe

I stand
Young and naked
Before you.
You drape a robe
Around me.
It is a man's robe.
Yours.
It is much too enormous
For my small, young body.
I would ask you to
Help me
Fill up the lonely space,
But you must return
To your wife.
I don't understand.
But I have learned.

To utter nothing.

J. Koh

Father Knows Best

I've written things you know. A messy crawl ripping loosed all over the page appreciate this now bitch who's the bitch ya moms!

Next bunch Don't be so upset please please don't be a CRY baby son. Son, I'll punch your f---ing lights out if you EVER tell me to my face what I am force me to accept it I'm a big man aren't I (don't look inside please I'll cry) Because I AM YOUR FATHER that's why. Father figure is a mess what should it be now that Big Daddy on top is a big no-broccoli eating rich bastard who protects what he owns with his gun. His big damned gun. He can throw his cheap sniveling cynical selfishness around as hard as he wants. YOU can't stop him with all your divine right of DAD. Hee hee Dad has to feel useful or else he'll fly to pieces and wreck the good china. Why don't you go build a fire pour some drinks get absolutely TRASHED as per usual you fake veneer sophisto bastard. What do you know about anything (I mean everything, so sorry). You've achieved one hell of a lot and don't all little boys have a pop CONFLICT? Pop goes the conceited weasel. Who's the conceited weasel now? Me, Narcissus, look into that mirror a little more, fall in love with the bone and skin soft curves and the tumbling shiny black whips over the spots. Or is it him, glaring eyes, (trembling) thrusts aside anything he might inadvertently see, make him think NOW. He's so damn proud of what he's thought out before he stuffed his mind in a black glass museum case so others might admire. Don't you DARE open that case though. He'll glare and go red and flare his nostrils and the silvery white wisps'll go wild. Can't have that. Stroke the tyrannical juggernaut of his injured self-image (which DEEP down inside really shivers and trembles) really quick. Jump to please. So who's it, ME or HIM?

Tom Guiney



Event in my Life

I remember noticing that my father had lost his lips. Apart from the fact that he was dead, the only clue to my six year old eyes that he wasn't just sleeping was the fact that his lips weren't red anymore, but the color of the rest of his face, and they even had a few freckles. I was hugging my mom in front of his coffin, and for the moment, my eyes were dry.

"Where did his lips go?" I remember asking.

"The blood has left them," she answered.

Like Dostoyevsky, blood for me has always held a significant importance in defining that which holds life around me. I, of course, understood death by that age, but could not exactly pin it down on my father yet. He had always been so alive, so constantly in movement. It was difficult to believe death could have caught up with him. It must have, I realize now, blind-sided him, or headed him off at some metaphysical pass...like passionate bliss.

Death had most likely been chasing after my father all his life, knowing that this man should not have been allowed to live-the world was not ready for him. But my father must have been too

engrossed in life for death to even be able to get its hands on him (though it did come close: he once skated across a barely frozen lake to win five months of desserts from his seminary brothers, and death in the form of a crack raced after him one step behind...but it never caught him). It finally caught him one October day in 1980, taking a nap in my brother's bed.

And he was dead. But not fully, to me. Not yet. It was only the second day of his wake, and all he had lost was his lips...

My mother and father, it has often been said, made the perfect marriage. I asked my mother recently, if there was *anything* wrong with my dad. She told me that she was the wrong person to ask. She had often remarked that she and my dad were each other standing ovation. ("Standing O," my father said. To this we would simultaneously sit encircled fingers atop another straight one, making the standing "O".) I likened, once, to marriage to the growing together of two vines: of marriage that works is one in which the vines circle around each other and spiral upward; marriage that doesn't work is one in which the vines collide, and can not find their way around each other; and then the rarest of circumstances, there are those marriages in which two vines grow into one, and are free to grow anywhere; this was the marriage my parents had. They experienced true love, and I experienced it through them.

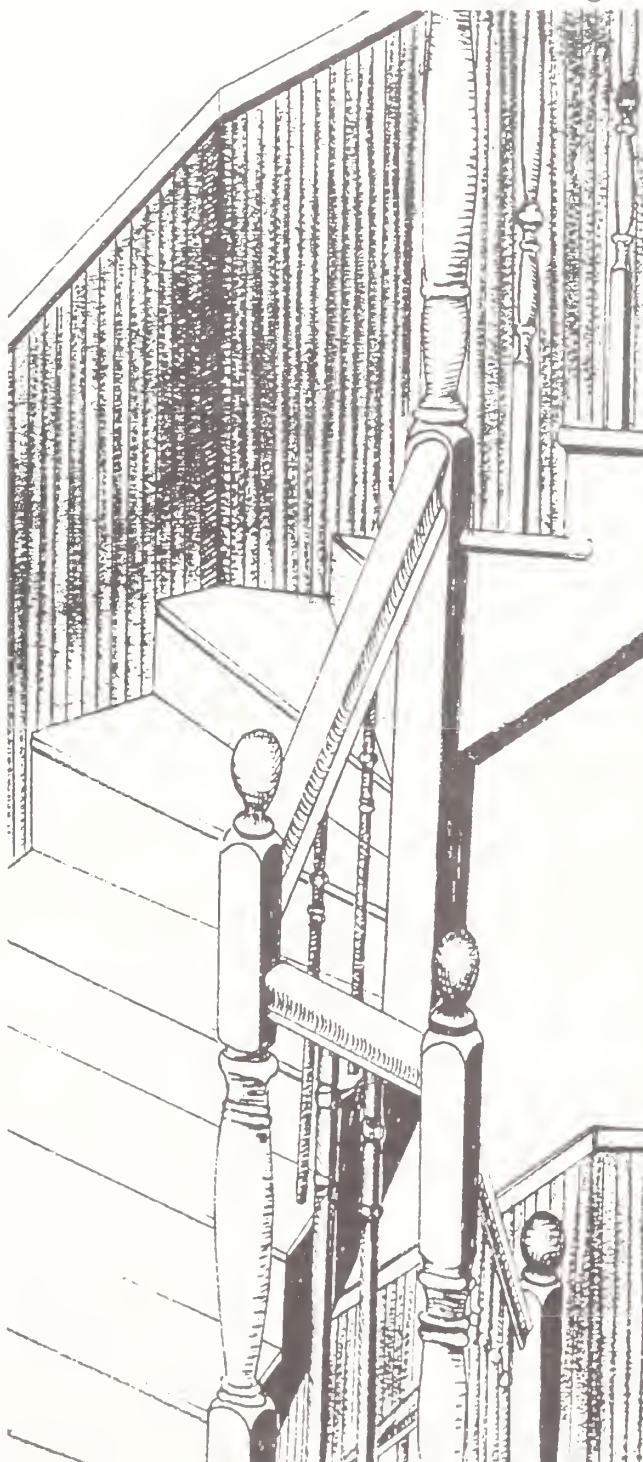
It was at the burial that it hit me. This gaping mouth sat there on the ground, waiting patiently, waiting for my father who was still in the box, still close to me. It had been raining since the moment he died. We all knew the Earth was in mourning. It was very cold.

As he was being lowered into the ground, I noticed the mound of dirt next to his grave, and I realized what it was. I realized that I was about to endure the loss of my father, and that dirt was the sealant which would lock him into my memory.

It is true love, I think, that keeps my family and me passing the open windows. And it is true love that keeps us going. I do not have to go far to

find it, either, as it is in the blood-filled lips of my mother, or the lips of those I love, or the lips depicted in the mural of my dad, Patrick Hughes, on the largest of my self. And I just have to remember the first time I noticed his lips: when I was born and he kissed me.

Brendan Hughes



Rain

Water clings and drips slowly down the dark gray granite tombstone; it is raining. The winding road leading through the cemetery is streaked with mud caused by the day's precipitation, rain. Some fifty yards away from where I am standing, a couple is standing in front of one of the stones. They share a black umbrella as they stand on the rain-soaked grass before their loved one. The man kneels down now, away from the protection of the umbrella, and reaches out a trembling hand and touches the wet memorial. His head lolls down, as if it had been held by something before, and he begins to sob. The rain mixes with his tears as his body is racked by emotion. I can not look away. He looks up skyward in an imploring gesture, rain drenches him. The woman now goes to her companion and puts her hand on his shoulder as she places flowers in front of the grave. She stands back up, next to the kneeling man, and reaches out her hand. After a few seconds, he takes her hand and moves under the safety of the umbrella, anything to protect him, anything to protect him from the rain.

Dylan Gallegos

PREFERABLY SPOKEN

YOU EVER FEEL LIKE YOU WANT TO MAKE PEOPLE NOTICE THE THINGS YOU DO? You want to be wacky, and wild, and crazy, and you want people to see you. You want to be suicidal and have people call you brave instead of foolish. Like you want to take a million compliments modestly. You want to be someone too special. You want girls to want you because you sit on ledges in 20 miles per hour winds and smoke a cigarette; when your legs are falling asleep and you don't know if you can get off that ledge. Your body just wants to jump- it's only 20 feet down. But you might twist your ankle. That would suck, it really

would. I'm not depressed, I just think too much sometimes.

It sucks when you're completely satisfied with yourself and what you have, yet you're filled with the temptation that you could be someone else with a different personality so well.

You think about your best friend, wondering where he is, but you think even harder about where you'd end up if you fell off a higher ledge. These are the thoughts when you want to be too much of an individual.

It's not like everything I say has some big meaning, some sun and moon in the shadow of words. It's just that I mean something big, you see the difference? I value what others say. That's a difference we all have to figure out for ourselves. But forgive me, I ramble on about tangent causes. That always ruins everything.

Naveen Sidhu

your mind is on the line

the hazy blaze is all you see
you haven't stopped for miles
one more step and one more step
you can't recall how far you've gone
if you see the point to all
give one hint - i'll guess a while
what i know i cannot share
it is all i truly own
when i want to go away
i say i want to go away
but i won't go or hear the lies
when i know i want to stay
Mother shocks her little boy
he sees the flaw in every word
he speaks his mind to no avail
she's blind - he is only to fail
tell her- tell her- if you dare
she mocks you - never can be shown
grandeur hides in filthy muck
unless it finds its own escape

lee stewart

Forma

A half-finished hamburger of Mc-something-or-other lies on the table. It has become a lead weight in my stomach. Not because I have a delicate palate, but because I have sensitive eyes, for they have caught sight of something that, while most pleasing to them, makes my brain agonize in despair. I could cry right here, but I don't, not because of my inner strength, but because she might see me.

For the first time ever, I might have a chance to talk to her. I know beforehand that I will not try. I will face the puerile longing rather than chance the outright rejection. I wait, the minutes pass, but I don't mind. I can faintly hear her voice over the background chatter. I see her stand up and for a moment I can see the full shape that enraptures me and I wish I could speak to the person within. She dons her coat and is now protected by vagueness.

I close my eyes until I think she is gone. When I open them it's like she was never there. I assure myself it is enough to look upon perfection, enough to know that there will be another day, another lost chance.

Kuang-Teh Bennett

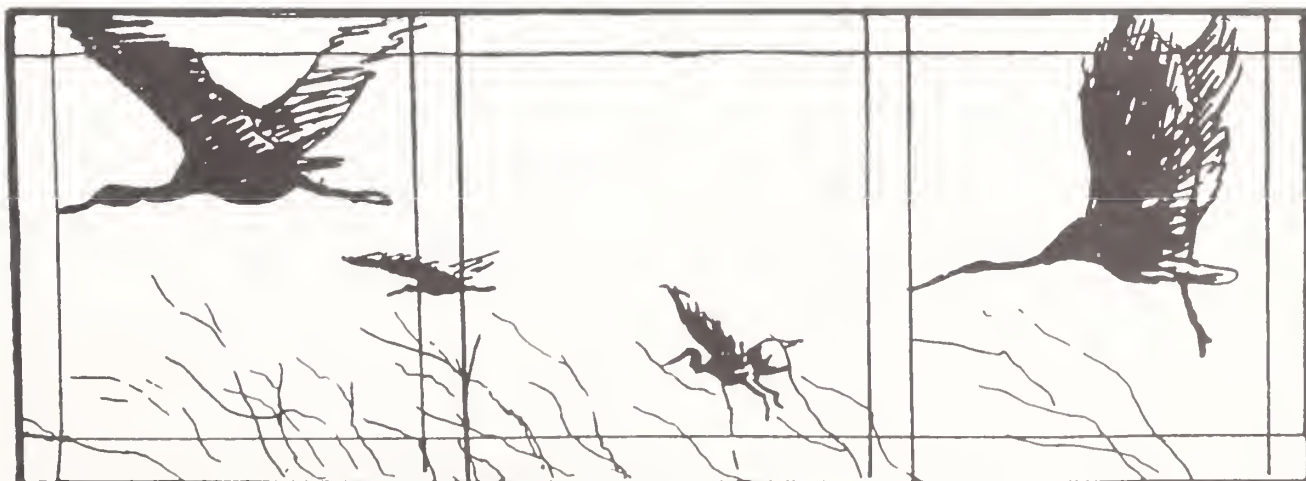
Mind at the Moment

I've always hated curtains, they never seem to block out that tiny strip of light between them. Not that it matters, no one would be looking through the second floor window. What am I doing here? No, what is she doing here! So, I invited her in, so what? After all, we have been going out for two months now. Why am I worried? Mom won't be home from work for another four hours. Funny how that shaft of light cuts the bed in half.

My legs are cold. I wish she would stop looking at me like that and say something. Those stockings look so shriveled up on the floor, so thrown away. I don't want to be here. No, that's not true, I don't want to be here now. Oh my god, she's moving closer. Well, at least my legs won't be as cold.

So, she shaved her legs for me? Is that supposed to make me...I don't really know what that's supposed to do. If my mother came home, how would I explain this? I wonder if we could get dressed fast enough? She is very pretty. I mean, how long will I wait before the next chance? I really don't care what others say. I'm not waiting because of me. I'm waiting because everyone tells me to wait, to think, to mature. I'm sick of them, they aren't lying here. They think we're so stupid. I want her. I didn't think she could get any closer.

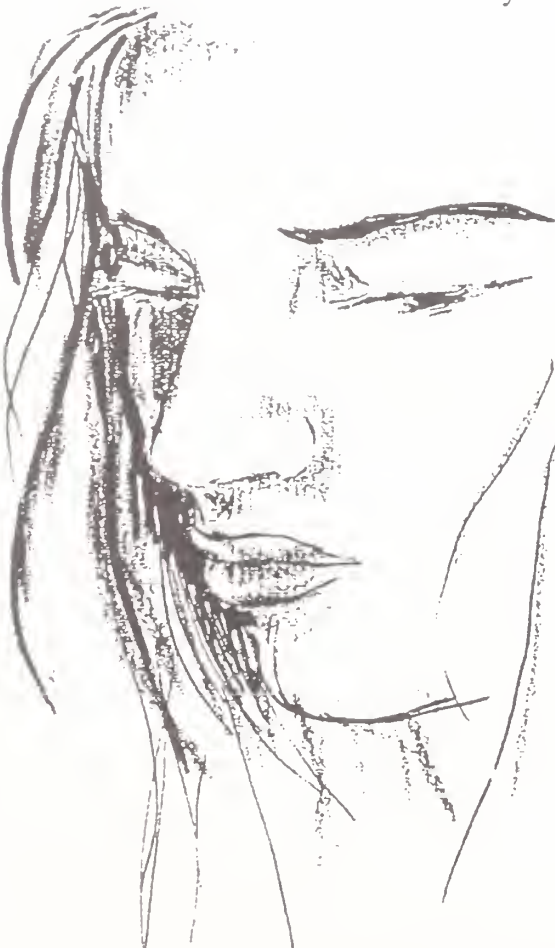
Kuang-Teh Bennett



Night Poem

Black air black hair black face. Quicksilver intentions. (I...) Locked and rocking gently. Hand grips the other so tight that eyes and teeth would clench skin would crease tears would come. (I want to say...) Hold for dear...friendship. (I want to say...) (What about him? God, should I kissay) (I want to say...) Soft fresh hair on sides of finger plowed furrow cool touch. again. Rock gently. again. (I want to say...) Warm breeze of her hand on my head shoulders muscles back. (I want to say...) (But what about? Is this okay? Will we need a winch to get the knife out of his back? Only if... if... Oh. Everything's gonna be all right. I didn't. She didn't. Gonna be all right.) "G'night kid. Your're my pal." "You're my pal too." (I L...) "G'night." (Oh, I wanted to. Oh.) We know, and it's Ok.

Tom Guiney



Time

If time is really relative then what does it matter if now we've got rockets and radios and before they had horses and gardens because there was no before and even if I accept reality then how do I know that there really wasn't anything at all before I was born and if maybe everything disappears when I leave the room Or maybe that happened to someone else who was born just a couple of days after I was and that's why I don't remember being born don't remember the doctors or the first coldness and then light and noise and the crumbling of my sanctuary and who'd want to remember that anyway All those Troys that were found one on top of one on the bottom and each thinking that they were so important and not knowing that someone's city was buried beneath them and not knowing that there was anyone else in the world or any one before or after them and if they couldn't see any one maybe no one was there.

Malka Older

Kelso

She sat Indian style on the park bench and grabbed at the toe of her boots. I leaned back on the grass so that wind would blow my hair out of my face. Suddenly, she whipped out her arm to gesture and said, "And then he told me that he loved me. Can you believe it?" Her lips were formed in an expression of complete repulsion.

I simply sighed and looked up at her thinking to myself "Why the hell not?" But I answered, "No, I suppose he shouldn't have said that."

"Of course he shouldn't have said it. I mean, really, get a life."

I looked up at her gracefully contemptuous eyes which were gazing off at a guy reading in a tree. She started pinching her toes again. Silence. I decided to give conversation a chance:

"So, have you decided which classes--"

"Oh, really, you know I don't want to hear it. I haven't learned one damned thing since the sixth grade that I didn't teach myself."

I could believe her. She was too strong-willed to let anybody teach her anything. Yet her vocabulary capacity was still hundreds of years ahead of mine.

She was in one of those moods today and I considered how beautiful her yellow-toned face was as she pouted out her already full lips. I knew why he had told her that he loved her.

"I think he's reading the 'The Wasteland,'" she said.

I was bewildered. "Who, Dave?"

"No, *not* Dave." She rolled her eyes. "The guy sitting in the tree. Do you think Dave has ever even heard of T.S. Eliot? I highly doubt it. He's too busy trying to buy me things so I'll screw him, as if I ever would. No, the guy in the tree--I think he's reading 'The Wasteland.'" Her pout finally broke into a smile. "He's pretty hot...nice legs...do you think if I recited 'The Hollow Men' to him he'd come out of the tree for me?"

It was my turn to roll my eyes. "Undoubtedly. I'm sure he'll come out of the tree for you anyway."

She laughed. "My, aren't we pretentious?" she mocked.

"I really don't care," I answered as I grabbed her boot and dragged her off the bench. She fell on her tail bone, laughed some more, and said, "You know what your problem is? The fact that I love you is *probably* getting to your head." She smiled to show her straight, too long set of teeth and I knew she was *probably* right. I started giggling and tying her bootlaces together when I realized that the guy had gotten out of the tree and was standing a few feet away, holding Salinger's Franny and Zooey in his right hand and shyly saying hello to me.

Carin Zissis

Go to the town
pick up your apples
all jobs are taken
by dogs who can't live

Wires upon wires
upon wires upon
wires
They're alive
They have juice
Where do I get mine?

How many forces
take their time
Building forces
Trading lives

Two cats are walking
all dogs are home asleep
eat your tail,
I don't have one

fourteen hailstorms
fourteen lifetimes
fourteen desks
and fourteen pencils

It's a regular pyramid.

Lee Stewart

ANALOGY

Call to mind, if you will, the image of a sizeable, but not overly large fishbowl. It is round and clear, but the waters within are a mystery, mutating into murky depths from the bright blue shoals of the Caribbean. In this bowl, the multitude of marine life is so great that if one could see through the obscure liquid from the outside, one would realize that the inner dimensions of the tank are much different from those that the shiny outer face suggests.

The fish are as diverse as the crumbs of a wafer; none are of exactly the same hue, the same size, shape, intelligence, speed, importance, or even the same taste. Some, such as the Algebrus Deformes, or the Algebra Fish, are slow and plodding, as well as hideous to behold. The other, more influential swimmers either disregard fish of this type or shun or insult them. On the other hand, the Musaeus Maximus, Music Fish, is covered with scales of the brightest, most coordinated colors, but has no need to move much, simply because its bulk takes up most of the interior of the bowl. However, if placed in a larger aquarium with fish of its magnitude, it could easily outrace them all. The Exnovia, or ex-girlfriend fish, goes through various appearance and popularity changes.

Very often, a young fish is born before the parents know it is on its way. These young are always tied to the parents in some way, even if it is not entirely obvious. Other babies take much longer to conceive, grow, and finally be born. Very rarely will a fish die, and it must linger for weeks, months, or even years before it is finally interred. Even then, the ghost of this fish may swim again, in order to haunt the living, visit in-laws, or wreak vengeance on its murderer. While a fish is alive, it may grow, change, merge, and split, or simply wither until it is forgotten.

If, when it has reached maturity, I desire that this creature be known to others, it will jump from the bowl. It will swim down a pathway of nerves and out of my mouth. When this happens, it will duplicate itself over and over again, to be

recognized by others with fishbowls for brains. It will travel up the aural cavity into a new cavity, and its reception will be different every time.

Perhaps I am not aware of all the thoughts swimming around in my head, but they are aware of me. Sometimes they surface just to make my life miserable, but at other times, they cause me unaccountable joy. And sometimes, just the thought of all of them, in all their colors, sizes, shapes, intelligence, speed, importance, and even their good taste, is enough to make me want to dump the bowl on someone's head.

Nat Stahl

Colors of Life

The patterns of my life are the patterns in a string bracelet, and the colors are unique. For it is my bracelet, and the colors are my experiences, as are the knots and frays.

The pattern is hued with the deep blues of loyal friendship. I weave silver threads of joy with flaming hues of anger and excitement. The soft white cotton of Memory dulls the tangled green twine of Jealousy and I hold it together with my mother's gray woolen love. My friends and I exist in a purple haze of honor and achievement whose royal satin thread is second to none.

When these threads become tangled, I disentangle them. I have to sort out my priorities and place them in the proper order. When I knot the wrong string, I must unpick the stitch, apologize to my friends for hurting them, and continue. If I make a mistake, it must be undone, or my pattern will be forever changed. If by chance, a thread wears through, I must splice it with care, weaving the tiny strands carefully so that the pattern will not break.

When I finish the bracelet and I go to do something better, it is my hope that others will see the pattern I have made and find it worthy of imitation.

April Smith

Revealing the Unknown

Like the shadow I wander
In the still, starless night
My company being the moon
Who leads me and guides me
With generous light
Through the paths of the Night Creatures'
Croon.

The trees, reaching up to the
Luminous sky
Discover my intriguing presence;
But accept it, and Gradually
As it passes by
Their hostility lessens and lessens.

I continue to follow
My captain, the moon;
We encounter an unknown performance;
I retreat, not wishing to
Rudely interrupt,
But he beckons, giving definite assurance.

Then we watch incredulously
The dances of the leaves
And listen to the song of the wind;
A spectacle so very
Breath-taking, so soul-touching
The feeling is hard to imagine.

And tomorrow night after
I drift off to sleep,
We'll make the same journey once more;
Each trip depending only
On the depths of my mind
Imagination the only door.

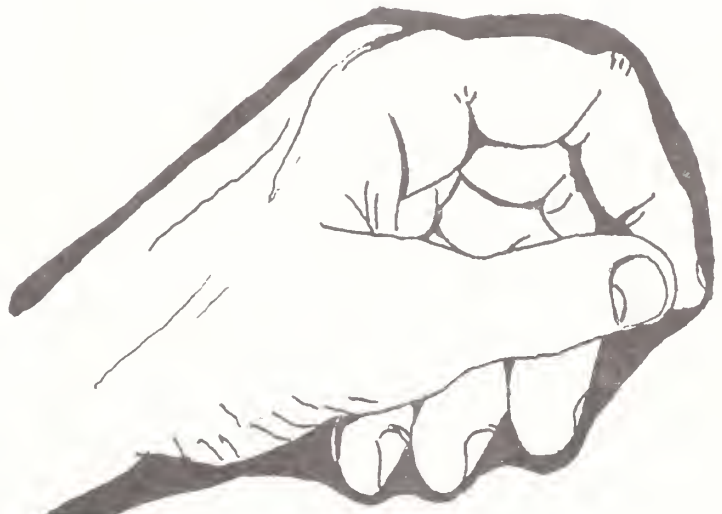
But to no one these secret
Adventures are told
For I never let anyone see;
Unlike others I constantly
Live in my dreams,
The dreams that live only in me.

Kelly O'Rourke

The Devil's Nightmare

When darkness comes riding
through her misty vale,
When tears stop falling
and cheeks grow white and pale,
When anger comes crawling
and evil takes its prize,
The words flow, black and hollow.
Blood runs from evil eyes.
When lips, parched and cracking,
part to cast their spell,
Evil words are spoken,
and all are damned to hell.

S. E. Bohannon



The Situation

The face of my enemy is near. It again
has returned.
The sadness it brings is here. It moves
back into its place.
The name has and will always change.
But the situation is the same.
As all is the same.
Eye meets eye; a glance exchanged.
Look, then turn; it's all the same.

D.H.

Mad Wizard

"You stupid, incompetent, brainless, gutless idiot!" Tras yelled.

It sounds like his tirade is winding. But what was it I had done? Oh yeah, I had started my spell with the traditional gestures, and a line from that cute little minstrel's song. And he fireballed me? Yep, the sleeves of his master-sorcerer's purple robe are still smoking...white marble an inch from my nose...this must be the floor.

"If I wanted a ballad, I'd find a bard. This is the Master class test, not poetry class, and it wasn't even good poetry! What's wrong with you? Come on get up-get on with it," he fumed.

Better get up. Levering myself up I found out where the fireballs had gone. Fortunately, my apprentice wizard's robe is black and the charring doesn't show. Still, it's nice to know where all the smoke had come from. The marble floor looks so warm and inviting, my shape clearly outlined in soot. Couldn't I just lie back down?

"Hummmph." Tras snorts.

Now what was it I was supposed to be doing? Oh yeah, spell. That's right. I'm a wizard. I cast spells. That's it. UH, he's getting mad. UH...spell...UH. "Double, double toil and trouble...fire burn and cauldron bubble."

"No! Stopit! Stopit!" Tras shrieked, again.

This time I am prepared. I duck his fireball. Fireball? But both his sleeves are smoking. This must be the floor again. Yep, same marble, new soot-print. Now I have a third smouldering spot on my robe. It's billowing smoke. "Cough." It's easier to get up this time though.

"You stupididiotic brainlessmoronicincompetent FOOL! This is you Master Class test! You have to make up your own spell, any spell. It has to be original and it has to work!"

Tras saved that shriek and the next two fireballs until I had gotten up. That makes a total of five. Don't know what they were for-just nastiness. Better not to ask. I'll just lie here on this nice friendly floor and smoke for a while. Maybe not... Tras' face is as purple as his robe. Robe...the entire front of my robe is charred. But it's black anyway,

so you see...never mind. He's glaring at me. Whump, bump, crack! That crack must have been my head. I don't know. It hurts too much to think. Smoke smell is stronger now. My hair! My long beautiful hair, my pride and joy. He torched my hair! I'm going to kill him!

Smoking, I surged to my feet. "You stupid, inconsiderate blockhead! You charred my hair!" Ash dropped as my robe flapped and I made the ritual gestures toward Tras. "I'll give you spells! You piece of trash!" And suddenly he was. Trash, I mean. A scrawny, shrivelled, over-ripe banana lay sootily on the floor where my teacher had been only a minute before. I raked my fingers through my hair. "Ouch! You stupididiotic banana! You charred my hair and burnt my fingers!" I shouted, kicking Trash across the floor. It rushed into the wall. I kicked it again and sent the blob of gooey, grey mush spinning out the tower window. Peering after it I had the final word, "Fly, thou vile mess!"

Diana DeBassio



Moonshadow

Plague, a sickness that raged in hundreds of people, thousands; in this case, the world. Triggered by an unknown factor, this epidemic started in Boston, Massachusetts. It happened in 3096 A.D.

The city was silent save for the screams rising from the hospitals. That is, those who were lucky enough to have a place in a hospital. No one understood it. The Church said it was the work of GOD. Scientists said it had to be pollution. Doctors just shook their heads and wondered. All anyone knew was that at the time of the full moon people were healthy again.

On that night they could only rise from their beds and run, ride, fly to the place where the healer was. A holy man from Mexico, only he, was not affected by the sickness. Traveling all over the world, he tried to bring relief to those for whom it was not already too late. He was called Moonshadow by many, and a savior by all. But he was old and when he died, mankind's hope would die also.

A girl walked throughout the halls of a hospital. Still well enough to be called able, she tended the screaming multitudes as well as she could. Nothing seemed to help. Dreams haunted her sleep. In these dreams people called out to her to help them, but she could only stand rooted in the ground as if she were a tree. Then all the animals came, bathed in moonlight, and fed on her leaves.

The plague only affected humans. Animals thrived, and grew more numerous than ever as billions of people died. They roamed everywhere, even into the cities. The animals were no longer afraid.

The grass grew and trees bloomed. Earth became more beautiful by the day. Fresh springs flowed and deserts turned to lush lands of hills and forests. The people were miserable in contrast to this. More than half of the human population was dead already and the decline accelerated every day. Nature seemed to thrive on the deaths. As each city crumbled, as each living scream died out, Earth became a paradise.

Suddenly, the girl in the hospital remembered that it was time for another full moon. In her heart she wished it would all end. She knew that there was no chance they would survive. Tonight, every airport, bus and train station would be packed with people trying to reach Moonshadow.

As night fell, a shout rose from the streets of Boston. People could be seen streaming out of houses and rushing through the avenues. The frail bodies of some were crushed beneath the panic-driven feet. The holy man was in America; most would do anything, even kill, to get to him.

The lone girl stepped to the window and watched as a child fell and was trampled by the running mob. No one stopped to help or even glanced her way. They didn't know where they were going, or how. Panic drove them to madness.

Suddenly, a voice spoke out over the city. It flashed on the video boards and blared from the speakers.

"Moonshadow is dead. Moonshadow is dead."

A hush fell over the city streets. Silence. This fact sunk in. A small child began to cry, and the masses soon picked it up. They wailed for the loss of this man, for the loss of hope.

The girl watched as the weeks went by. The population plummeted faster and faster. After Moonshadow died, the plague worsened. It consumed everyone, even those previously cured.

The human race dwindled until only a few children remained. They tried to gain forgiveness, but nothing helped.

Finally, one morning the only sounds were the rushing of rivers, the blowing of winds, and the grateful call of the animals.

Kate Berg

Pre-Christmas Treat

It was a few weeks before Christmas, maybe 1981 or 1982. I don't remember. I was about seven years old. For a long time my family had planned to see *The Nutcracker*. This was going to be THE YEAR we saw it. We were off to get tickets and my mother had most of the money. It was us five gals- my mother, a friend of hers (who had the rest of the money), her daughter, my sister, and yours truly. We arrived at the orange line station in the afternoon, excited to get the tickets. There were people waiting on both sides of the tracks, minding their own business, just as we were. Since it was the Christmas season, I figured that most of these people were going downtown to shop. With the five of us all carrying purses, it probably looked like we too were going shopping.

A few guys in their late teens came up the street nonchalantly. They didn't walk up the stairs, they strutted. I, a little scared because of who they were and where we were, looked away so as not to appear suspicious or worried. All of a sudden, I realized something was wrong because of the shuffling of feet. Not a couple of feet in idle movement, but several feet in trepidation. When I turned around, one of these guys had hold of my mother's purse. (hands off, you dirty bastard!) Another guy had gotten hold of my sister, who was also carrying a small purse, and pushed her against the metal rail with a knife against her throat. Thinking back, this was what frightened me most of all. While I was trying to protect myself, my mother grabbed the guy with the knife, yanked him away from my sister, and pushed him towards the train tracks. (yah for mommy!)

He stumbled a bit, but did not fall backwards. I thought that he would now come after my mother but luckily enough nothing else mattered to them since they had got what they wanted. We were left in despair. Without thinking, I started to run after them to get the purses, but my mother stopped me in time. We then called my mother's best friend's husband, who happened to be a policeman. He picked us up and brought us down to the station in order for us to try to identify any of the muggers. Nothing came of that, but then, nothing

ever does.

That mugging made the 'the year of *The Nutcracker* ' seem like any other year with the exception of that incident. We never got around to seeing *The Nutcracker* ever. And the other people waiting at the train station just stood by and pretended not to watch.

Kamelia Aly



THE NUTCRACKER

If you have ever seen a production of the Christmas-time ballet, *The Nutcracker*, then you have seen Clara Silberhaus. Maybe they call her Mary in the production you saw, but in our production, the Ballet Theater of Boston's, the main character is Clara. In the story, Clara receives a magical Nutcracker doll for Christmas, along with the most dazzling, delicious and realistic dream she has ever had.

Last Christmas I, too, had one of the most incredible dreams of my life, but, for a time, mine was real. I had worked patiently toward this dream for years; I was Clara Silberhaus. Rehearsing the part was exciting; however, it was nothing compared to performing. I never once felt stagefright, only exhilaration. I found myself floating around in Clara's special cloud all day, even when outside the studio or stage.

Being the only person cast as Clara, I was to have the opportunity to perform all sixteen times. Of course, such blissful experiences all come to an end, but the end of this one came sooner than I had anticipated. On the Saturday morning of what were to be my ninth and tenth performances, I ran for my train so as not to be late for morning class. While running down a flight of stairs, I stumbled and fell to the bottom, breaking my left ankle.

I could hardly believe I was injured. Often during the days that followed, I would think about what I was missing and would try hard not to cry. I was no longer Clara Silberhaus. For the next few weeks I continued to float about, but no longer on a cloud. I was in a dense fog. Somehow those trying weeks did pass and with much physical therapy, I was able to dance again.

The sadness I felt was not only because I couldn't be Clara, but because I didn't know who to be. I had thought of myself as a dancer first. How could I live my life if I couldn't dance? I felt like I was nobody.

At school, I began to speak with some of the people whom I had seen every day, but had never really taken the time to get to know. My school-work improved because I put more time and energy into it. In the spring, I took a course that inquired

into what it is to be human. It showed people a way to put their past in the past and look at life from several new points of view. During the course, we talked about the relationships in our life. I began to enjoy the time I spent with people more, and I no longer wanted to do everything on my own, alone. I think it was because I felt more confident in myself. Dancers tend to be very isolated, self-conscious people. Some of my friends pointed out that I was really laughing for the first time in years.

To continue my inquiry into who I was besides a dancer, I took two more courses over the summer, got my first formal job, and made an astounding number of new friends. I had just as much fun as I would have if I had gone to an intensive ballet summer program.

A full year has passed and I have done *The Nutcracker* again. I was an angel this year because my ankle was not well enough for me to jump or to do pointe work. Much to my surprise, I have had as much doing it this year as last year; maybe even more because I was closer to every person in the cast and it was great fun to work as a team.

I've wondered through the course of this year why I broke my ankle and missed out on so many opportunities to dance. It has taken me a long time to realize the reason, but when I think about how much I love my life, it is very clear. I know well now the basic principle I had forgotten for the past few years: I am a whole and complete and satisfied person without dance. If I can't dance I will still be able to contribute just as much to the world, maybe more.

It sounds strange but since my life has taken on so many more facets than just ballet, my dancing has improved. I have a lot more joy and freedom to express in my movement. It is no longer so serious, so important to do it just right. I also feel a great curiosity to learn and experience things that I didn't last year. This has definitely been the best year of my life; and I am sure it will just get better.

Evelyn Aliferis

Heroes

Throughout my childhood there have been many people, who in their own way have been my heroes. There are the obvious ones, like my parents and friends, but then there are the ones who, in their own special manner, really affect me. One of these people is a man named Mr. Harper, my band teacher.

From the first moment I saw him, I knew he was special. He walked into the room with a tall, lanky walk, and a characteristic bounce that I've come to know so well. His warm face and smile automatically lit up the room. His personality instantly exuded an appearance of caring, love of music, and a certain suave air that is rarely found in teachers but one who students love. He entered that room and made us not want to leave it.

Every day Mr. Harper gives his total and complete attention to the band classes. Every hour of the school day, plus extra time, is given to us. The feeling of total and utter attention one has in that class is very strong. He holds our interest by making the class interesting, often teasing people in the band and taking a special interest in the students' lives. He often teases one girl in the flute section, calling her "no neck," referring to the way she plays the flute with her head buried. When he is in a really good mood, sometimes he will crumple up a piece of paper and threaten to throw it at the first person who makes a mistake. Besides teasing, he gives us respect by treating us like adults, and in turn, we work hard for him. He tells us that he doesn't want people to think, "Oh, they're so cute," and give us a polite applause after we perform. He wants a standing ovation.

He is interested in our opinions which makes us want to give them to him. For example, he knows of a teenager's fear of classical music, so he often asks us what we would like to play. Because of that, we try much harder when we get the music. His easygoing attitude makes music seem simple and fun to learn.

He is not just a teacher, he is a friend. He has so much concern for students and it shows in everything he does. He often looks at our grades in other subjects, and if he finds something that he

doesn't like he'll ask you about it. Once, when he saw my grades were dropping, he took me out of the band to "take a walk." He spoke gravely of the importance of my grades and how boys could wait later but education couldn't. The concerned look I'm so used to seeing rose on his face. He's always there for a push in the right direction, so one can be honest with him.

Mr. Harper's love of music is transparent. When the band is playing a song, and it's going well, he gets a huge smile on his face and his eyes light up. That makes it almost impossible to play because we are grinning so hard into our instruments. He does not teach us just to read music, he teaches us to feel it. To listen to each other, not just ourselves, while playing. When we make mistakes he, often times, will just sit there and let us figure out what we are doing wrong. Some of the funniest times are when the band gets new, very difficult music. We struggle through the piece, for the first time, until he tells us to stop. When we stop, he asks us what section we are on, and the entire band yells out something different at once. The band knows it's killing the song, when after it's over he says, "Well...I recognized it," with a hopeful tone.

Through humour and encouragement, Mr. Harper is one of the best teachers I have ever had. He is more than a conductor, he's the strength and caring of the band. When he teaches, it's not only music but life. He does both very well. It's hard to believe he just walked into my life three years ago, for he has already left a big footprint in my heart.

A hero is often portrayed as an extreme. I, myself have never seen it that way. To me, a hero is an ordinary person who makes life a little better in his own way. A person who gives something of himself. In short, a hero doesn't have to be fictional or miraculous. A hero can be a person like you or me who does something special; a hero like Mr. Harper.

Megan Perkins

BOSTON

Educator for the Nation
Healer of the Sick, Musicmaker,
Host of Scholars and Home to Fenway,
Builder of Subways and Fisherman's
Pride
Strong, patriotic, electric,
Beantown.

They tell me you are racist and I believe them,
for I have read the papers and seen the
blame fall on innocent
shoulders.

And they tell me you are dirty and I answer:
Yes, it is true
I have seen the polluted waters of the
harbor free of fish.

And they tell me you are dangerous and my
reply is: On the streets and in the alleys
I have seen the two-legged rats and the
mark of blood.

And having answered so I turn once more to
those who scoff at this, my city, and I
return the scoff and say to
them:

Come and show me another city with beating
hearts so full of patriotism, so full of
pride and life and fierce and brave.

Spewing vibrant energy amid the labor of work
task on work, here is feisty daring
spitfire set glaring against the prudish
countryside;

Eager as a runner thirsting for the wind in her
hair, clever as a fox outwitting his fellow
animals and even nature,

Sweating,

Straining,

Killing,

Rejoicing,

Laughing, Weeping, Roaring

Under the fog, mist clearing away from the
brow, the daggers of the sea-blue
eyes,

Under the tremendous strain of fate crying as a
mourning lover
cries,

Wailing even as the hungry baby waiting for its
dead mother
wails,

Sobbing and moaning with the broken heart of
the disillusioned, and under that heart
lies the soul of its people,

Hoping!

Living with the coursing quicksilver invincible
life of Blood, breathing

heavily, panting, proud to be the Educa-
tor of the Future, Healer of the Sick,
Musicmaker, Builder of Subways and
Fisherman's Pride and Host of Yesterday
and Tomorrow.



Do You Hear?

Do you hear
The sounds of our cry,
Our prayers, For a
Better place?
Do you hear
The sounds of fury,
The words of hate
For every mistake?
Do you hear
The wails of mourners,
After losing a loved one,
Because a fool with a gun?
Do you hear
Us loud and clear
Asking, begging for an end
To this, Our violent madness?
Do you hear?
Can you not hear it?

Josephine Gonclaves-Tavares

An Excerpt

Jules' mother calls us next door for supper. Mum's face is round and maternal with many friendly wrinkles. She wears a striped shirt too small for her so her belly peeks out. She seems to notice that I notice and pulls her shirt down but with the slightest movement her belly peaks out again. She doesn't seem to mind that much. Mum is eccentric. She becomes excited over small things and flutters her hands when she speaks. Her house is a cluttered, interesting mess. Waldo, her mate, is also strange. He is shy and strokes his beard when he speaks. They suit one another. I like them both.

The four of us eat supper in the kitchen. The menu consists of slightly burnt hot dog, steamed broccoli, powdered milk, and one lemon cookie for dessert.

After dinner, we bustle into the piano room to hear Jules play. I enjoy watching Jules play; his strong, bony hands arch and pounce on the keyboard. his expression becomes absorbed and serious, different from his usual smiling countenance.

Jules and I return to his Dad's house next door. We open the windows in his room to welcome in the subsiding storm. It is long after dusk. We light his scented candle. The melting wax becomes distorted after a while. We decide to play a game in which we shout out whatever images take shape in the wax. LAVA! THE SHOE THE OLD LADY LIVED IN! ITALY! WATERFALL! A PISTOL! MICKEY MOUSE'S HEAD BEING BLOWN AWAY! DANCING BALLERINA! FROTHING MUG! MUTATED PENIS!

It is almost time for me to leave. Jules puts on Jethro Tull and we do a deadbeat dance to the music, Indian-style. The skinny branches outside mosh and slash against the window's edge to cheer us on. We watch our shadows on the wall, moving and flickering in the candlelight. Jules and I know the storm won't last forever and daylight will check our inhibitions, but in the back of our minds we will always be aware of our free, happy, dancing shadows that we can unleash to each other anytime we

please.

Pyong Yim

Unique Speaker

A monarchy now rules over the earth
And the mold of perfection is required.
All are one whose gibberish I can't decipher
Because I am the leader of myself.

LMM

VII

Bovinius donned his caul and stepped out into the world...

"Everybody has been beaten by the system," announced the skeptical Misty, "everybody. If you're not assassinated, you're arrested. It's an impossible task, I mean, Jesus Christ...wait a second, yeah, even Jesus Christ couldn't beat the system. The only difference between him and the rest of them is that the human race has spent the last two thousand years regretting and apologizing for offing him (though I think he sort of wanted to get it, just for the martyr effect)."

...Bovinius would change that. He was a new breed of superhero. He was a cow.

Brendan Hughes

And The Easter Bunny Doesn't Exist *Neither*

The Green Line trains in Boston, Massachusetts are definitely not the fastest in the world, especially when you're ten years old and trying to get downtown with your mother to buy a new pair of sneakers. The apprehension is just too much for a person that age to deal with. Of course, the only other thing I could set my mind on, on this fine day December the 23rd, 1987, is Christmas, the first day I get to my sneakers.

At ten I honestly believed in Santa Claus, or rather hoped he was real. I wasn't stupid or ignorant, (I didn't believe in the Easter Bunny), it's just that the cold truth of Santa's nonexistence hits people at different ages. Because of this belief, my mother and I were just going to look for the pair of sneakers that I wanted, and when I found one, I would wait up Christmas Eve and tell Santa Claus the name of sneakers I want and he would pull them out of his bag-he has everything in there, you just have to ask for it.

Anyway, as soon as the train pulled in to Park Street Station in downtown Boston, I ran through the turnstiles and up the stairs, planning to wait for my mother right outside the station. However, as soon as I took my first step onto the sidewalk, I saw directly across the street the most bizarre occurrence I had ever witnessed. My thoughts went something like this:

'How do you think I felt when I saw three different Santa Clauses on three different corners, all asking for change next to a pot and a "Salvation Army" sign? I faced a virtual plethora of problems. Which one was the real one? Why didn't the police find out which one was real and arrest the other two for indecent exposure? Don't my parents pay taxes for this sorta' thing? One of them had to be real, so why was he asking for change? I mean, don't you think it's pretty damned cheap to get the money from people to buy them their own Christmas presents? I could save my money and get my own and make sure it was something I really wanted. And besides, didn't he have elves to make the toys

for all of us? Come off it, elves don't go on strike. Santa would exile them and they'd freeze to death, they know that. He may have rosy cheeks, but he knows what has to be done to get those toys out; that's his first priority. And anyway, why does he have a "Salvation Army" sign? Isn't that some religion-related cult or something?'

My mom pulled me to the side and decided that she had to tell me the truth. I couldn't cry; I remembered the pain of the realization that the Easter Bunny wasn't real either, and was determined to take this new horror like a man. She said that she buys the Christmas presents every year for me and my two younger brothers. Crying, "Blasphemy!" would have been the perfect way for me to express my feelings at that moment, but at that age the word wasn't included in my vocabulary. My mother and I mutually agreed not to tell my younger brothers this horrible news until they were older and as mature as I.

Alas, this was that fateful day, December the 23rd, in the year nineteen hundred and eighty-seven, when I found out that Santa Claus does not exist.

Naveen K.S. Sidhu



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